

MAGAZINE FEATURES

# THE NEWS SCIMITAR

DAILY COMIC PAGE

## UNCLE WIGGILY AND GRANDPA'S BROOM.

Copyright, 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

There are you going, Uncle Wiggily? asked Nurse Jane. Puss Wuzzy saw the rabbit gentleman leaving his hollow stump bungalow one morning, just over to see Grandpa Whackum. The beaver, answered Mr. Long, to his muskrat lady housekeeper. I want to see how he feels after eating that apple dumpling of yours I him yesterday.

Nurse Jane sniffed. I guess he won't be long. I'll be sure to get him some of those apple dumplings. Of course I'll say the best cook in Woodland," she said on, "but—"

"But you certainly are!" exclaimed Nurse Jane. "I was only joking, of course, about your apple dumpling making. Grandpa Whackum III. I'm going to see him just to pay a visit."

Well, be careful, the Pipewah didn't get you, warned Nurse Jane. I know he and the fox have been taking around the beaver pond very lately, trying to nip your nose."

Well, indeed I know that," said Uncle Wiggily. "Toodle. Flat-tail didn't help me carry home the groceries the fox spilled, and if Noodle didn't tipped with his teeth-clippers, Pip and fox when they had me by the ears, I might not be here now."

Well, be careful, that's all I have to say, spoke Nurse Jane.

"I will," promised Uncle Wiggily, and he went off over the fields and rough the woods on the road to the home of Grandpa Whackum, the oldest beaver gentleman in the colony near the pond.

"Well, well, I'm right glad to see you, Uncle Wiggily," cried Grandpa Whackum, as he saw the rabbit gentleman coming along through the snow. "Did you have any trouble getting here? Did Pip or Noodle chase you?"

"Not this time," laughed the bunny, "toed them all right."

"Home they don't get you when you go home," said the beaver gentleman, anxious like, and then he began talking at a long, soft tree branch.

"Are you eating your lunch?" asked Uncle Wiggily as he saw Grandpa Whackum biting off bits of bark, for the rabbit knew that beavers, as well as bunnies, eat bark in winter.

"My lunch? Bless your pink, twinkling nose, indeed I am not," laughed Grandpa Whackum. "I am making a room for Nurse Jane."

"A room?" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "A room? Look closely at the long stick wall," he went on, "it appears to be a room handle, all right, but where is the brush end, or sweeping part?"

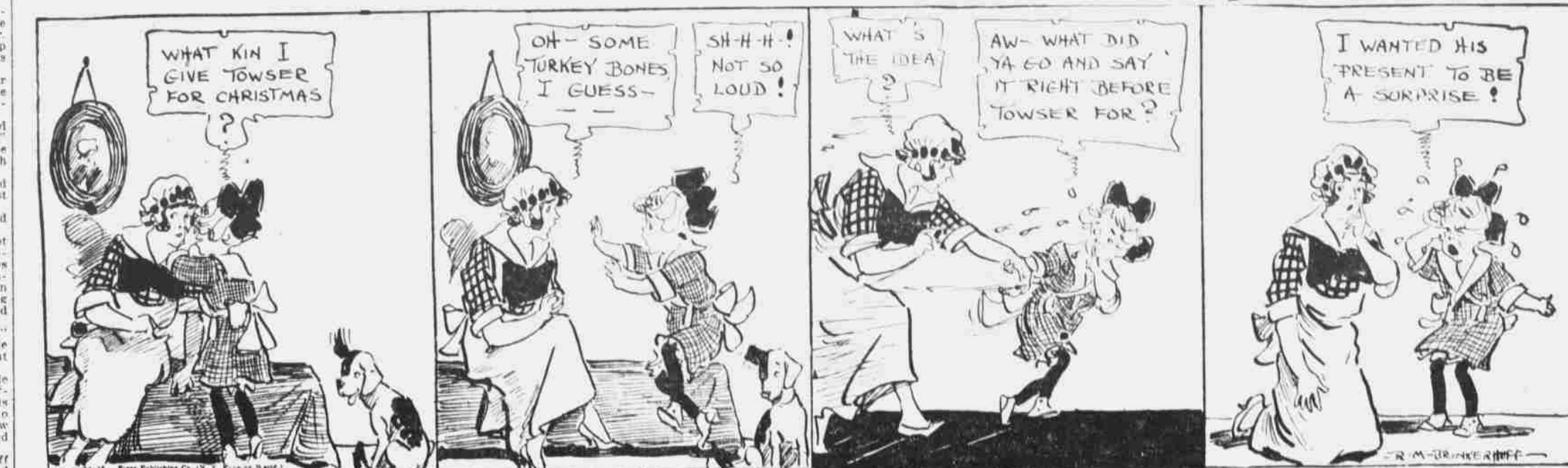
"Am coming to that," answered Grandpa Whackum. "You see Nurse Jane was so kind as to send me, by

## Bringing Up Father—B v George McManus

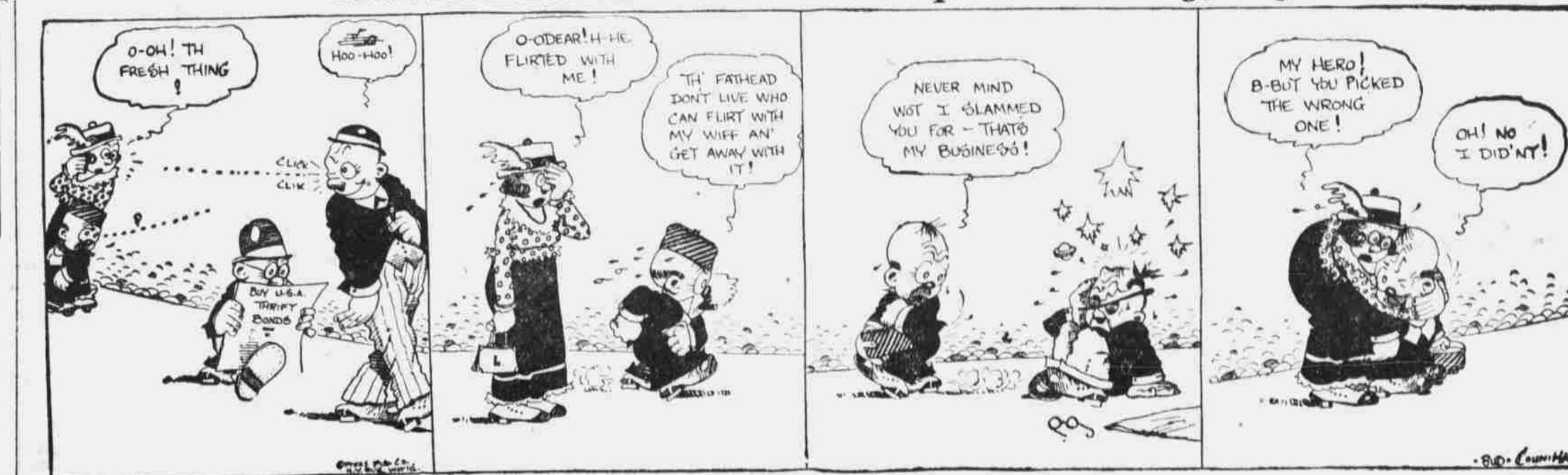
Copyright, 1919, by International News Service.



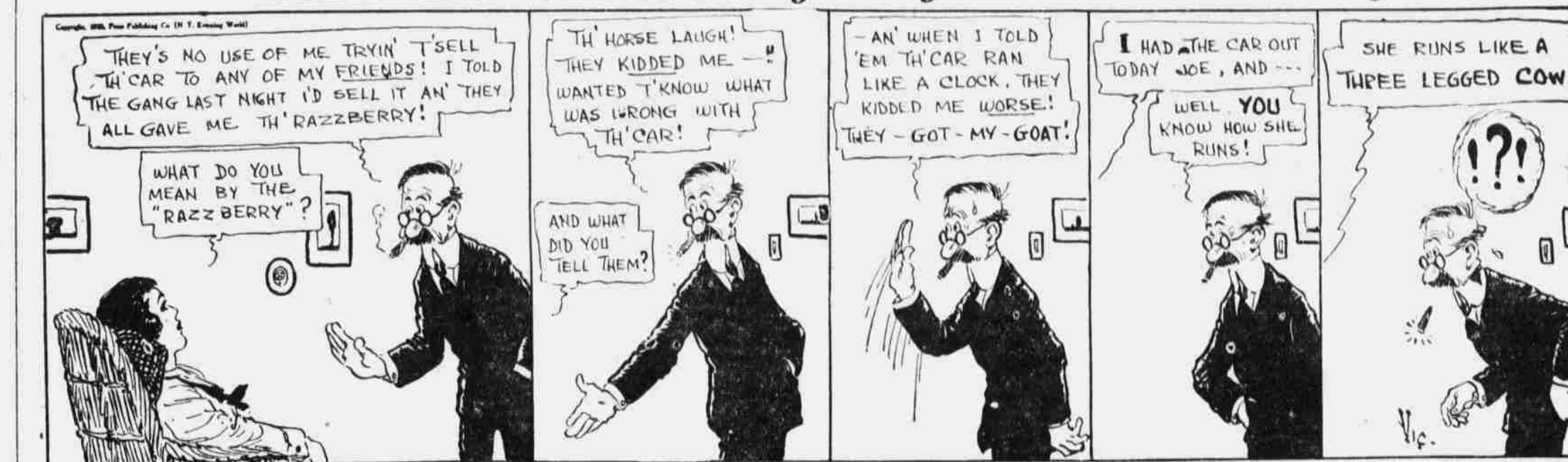
## LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Towser Is a Wise Pup



## THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Pop Picks Wisely, Say We



## JOE'S CAR—Or Like An Eight-Day Clock on the Ninth Day



## DOROTHY DIX'S TALK

BY DOROTHY DIX, The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

### THE SHINING VIRTUE.

A correspondent asks this question: "What particular quality above all others should a man look for in the woman he marries?"

Good nature. Better a homely woman with a sunny bone than a Venus with an intense view of life, and quick-tempered. Better a woman who is cheerful, simpler than a sour saint. Better a woman who is a poor housekeeper with an easy-going disposition than a model of domesticity with the lecture habit.

If I were a man seeking a wife I would propose to no thin-lipped maiden with an intense view of life, and quick-tempered nerves that were easily jarred.

On the contrary, the first thing that I would note would be whether a girl had homely, creases at the corners of her eyes, and a laugh that was hung on a hair trigger, and whether she saw tragedy or comedy in the little ordinary misadventures of life.

Most women are good women, that is the kind of woman a man thinks of marrying. A man can shut his eyes, and blind-folded pick out a girl for a wife who can be relied upon to do her duty as a helpmeet, so he need not get out his lantern and go about searching for the traditionally good woman. She is everywhere, and he can't miss her. But the thing that really counts in matrimony, and that determines whether he is going to be happy and comfortable and bless the day that he entered the holy estate, or spend the balance of his life wondering why he did it, and sighing for his bachelor freedom, is his wife's disposition, and her attitude toward the world.

Some of the best women are the most

## HEART AND HOME PROBLEMS

BY MRS. ELIZABETH THOMPSON

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 19 years of age and I have a sweetheart 22. We have been corresponding for the last five years, but he wants to marry me. I am a little more fully of what kind of occupation you wish. I can never ask me to be his wife and recently he has gone away and does not write. I have been trying to give him up, but as yet I haven't succeeded. What is love? Do you answer personal letters?

G. R.

Hot Springs, Ark.

Love is best defined by the old word service. When you feel in your heart that you yourself have ceased to be the loved one for his or her sake, then the greatest object of your life is to do things for other people, then you love. When you love, think and dream of being all to another that you would wish to be, then you love.

And when you face things fairly and squarely and think it best to give up the loved one for his or her sake, then your love has reached its highest plane and all the after years can be lived in solitude if necessary. Yes, I answer personal letters.

—

Dear Mrs. Thompson: Should a girl of 14 work at any of the 5 and 10 cent stores, and if so would it be dangerous for her to come home alone?

T. W.

It depends upon the girl herself and the neighborhood she lives in. It would be all right for her to do the work but if her home should be rather badly located someone should meet her at the street car in the evenings.

—

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am a girl aged 19 and I am very poor. I would like to get some public work, so that I can support myself. I have no means at all. I have never cared to marry since I lost my first and only love. Where can I go to make my own way? My people very often remind me that I can do something if I will only try.

—

Charles the First told his head down on the chopping block.

Well, here's \$10.00 going back to Queenie and the folks. He remarked cheerfully.—The Home Sector.

## THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

(Copyright, 1919, by William Thompson Syndicate)

At 7 a.m. real winter struck Memphis, the thermometer registering 15 above zero. This is the coldest weather of the season so far.

The jury box in the famous night rider case is at last filled after five weeks spent in trial for the murder of Capt. Rankin near Reelfoot lake. The trial is being held at Union City, Tenn.

Mayor Malone announced to the legislative council that the indemnity bond which the Memphis Union Station company is required to make before being permitted to begin construction work on the Memphis Union passenger station, has been drawn by the legal department and was ready for execution by the union station company.

Members of the state board of education, headed by Gov. Patterson, are preparing to select the site for the West Tennessee Normal school at Memphis. It is tipped that the school will be located somewhere east of Buntyn.

Miss Edith Pearl Hukell of Lexington, Ky., were married at the parsonage of the First Methodist church by the Rev. Louis Powell, D.D.

Mrs. J. C. McNell has returned from a three months' visit in Kansas City.

Miss Anna Blair-Burkington has returned from Belmont college to spend the holidays with her family.

Mrs. James H. Watson has returned to the city after a two weeks' visit to friends in the East.

The young lady across the way says she understands the changes in the peace treaty don't amount to much, being merely textual.

—

Dear Mrs. Thompson: What do you think about girls using perfume, and what kinds would you recommend, if any? Also, can you give a person by the quality of their jewelry.

FAYETTE.

Perfume is all right in small amounts. See, you can't always judge a person by their jewelry. Recently I met a girl who had some excellent pieces; they were all new styles and very substantial. She was a police character. However, it is well known that anything gaudy is a sign of commonness, and I would wear only the plainest of things. Have them few as to number, but very good.

—

Dear Mrs. Thompson: From both sides of my family I inherit a tendency toward insanity. I have a violent temper. How shall I best control it?

MARY ALICE.

Say to yourself: "Keep quiet, don't say a word, it's just such a temper that leads to madness," and the feeling of wrath will leave you. Really you mustn't allow yourself to storm and rage or even give vent to fustings. If such a tendency as that you mention really does run in the family, it's best to be very careful. Also try to be matter of fact and cultivate a sense of humor. The day may come when you will really need it.

—

Read News Scimitar Wants.